**Characters**

- TARZAN: As he is in old movies, with noted modifications
- BOY: Combines traditional image with Beat-Punk-Hippie-Ivy
- STAN; 40's, smooth around Black people, jittery around Whites -classic
- MARY: Stan's wife. Imitates Jane.
- AYANNA: 20's alert daughter of Africa, from countryside
- MKAZI: Late 20's, dockworker, citydweller
- JANE: As traditional, with noted modifications
- STAN'S AIDES (Mzigo, Reggie, &c.) Super tough & groveling at same time
- WORKERS
- PEASANTS

Time: The present

Place: A Clearing In Africa (S.E. Africa)

**Scene 1**

BOY

Why you stop here, Tarzan?

TARZAN

Lost. Boy, why you keep asking me dumb question?

BOY

Its not a dumb question, Tarzan. Now I know you don't know where you're going.

TARZAN

Oh. Hum, what grade you in now Boy?

BOY

Post doctoral studies at Univ of Jo'burg!

TARZAN

What you learn there?

BOY

How to bullshit!

(Starts dancing.)

TARZAN

Book learning. . .humph.

BOY

It's how Kissinger reached the top.

TARZAN

You think I dont know shit cause I not go to college

BOY

I never never said that T.

(Sharp stop with dance)

Your assuming. A-S-S you you you, hahaha!

TARZAN

(Grabs boy forcibly)

Bastard& I use the word advisedly -hahaI know the secrets of the great veldtthe mysteries of the great plain the soceries of the great escarpmentI am at one with the great jungle!

BOY

Then how come you lost, my man!?

TARZAN

You think I stupid and lost in here

(drums begin)

with all woogies bees around this joint? No way.

BOY

You're a great athlete, T, fast, amazing swimmer, excellent knife thrower, good physique. Mom sez you're triple A rated in the sack. . .

TARZAN

But you still think I stupid

BOY

Nooooo. . .

TARZAN

Well.

BOY

Unsophisticated maybe, But not stupid.

TARZAN

How you think I survive all wild witch doctors, warriors and Andy Young?

BOY

(Laughs)

Colonial Savagery.

TARZAN

What? You got stuff mixed up, punk. I civilized. Kaffirs savage.

BOY

No, but you're a savage too T.

TARZAN

(Raises hand.)

Tarzan make war!

BOY

No, no offense intended. I admire you more than anyone I've ever met. . .really. . . . you're flying through the sky! That vine shit is outta sight! I always liked that. . .but vines is not my number. Give me a Landrover anyday or light Cessna jet! Shiiiiiiiii

TARZAN

You throw modern garbage in Tarzan's face again.

BOY

Even the way you rap is out, T! That white broken english with perfect African dialects. It's out.

TARZAN

You sound like woogie!

BOY

Right on!

TARZAN

I Lord of Jungle. I not speak like Woogie.

BOY

Yeh. . .

(drums rising)

Yeh, all that's good. Like that Ghost Who Walks bit. . .throwing terror into the natives' hearts and what not. But a lotta them dudes aint got no terror in their hearts Daddy-O. T, man

(whispers)

they've got hatred.

(They look at each other and acknowledge the drums.)

TARZAN

Hatred. . .

(repeats it to really understand)

You mean terrorists. Few wild crazy sick Woogies.

(Thinks.)

Is not Woogie mainstream.

BOY

Don't kid yourself, father. The White Lord of the Jungle number has just about played out.

TARZAN

What? Never!

BOY

Why you only travel now in Southern Africa. . .not roam at will over whole continent no more?

TARZAN

I don't like Ghettoes.

BOY

And most whites now hanging on by thumbs in richest land on earth.

TARZAN

Its our land. We civilized it! Me Tarzan, your mother, Jane. You too, Boy, are mighty white Lord of Jungle.

BOY

Yes, yes, I know, Dad, but the old days have split and you would check if you had any wit.

TARZAN

What?

BOY

You dont dig my rap. . .But its whats new. The Woogie Language. When I run this like this Woogies feel more at ease around me.

TARZAN

Oh?

BOY

You come on with White Lord of Jungle Broken English perfect African. . . these underdeveloped peoples start remembering you own their land and work them to death on it!

TARZAN

It our land! We civilize it! It our land!

BOY

Sure it is, Pops, but we gotta keep it. Not just ritualize about it!

TARZAN

What you saying, Boy?

BOY

That we gotta modernize our act? Change! With the times.

TARZAN

I never read Times. It oppose Tarzan!

BOY

Oh, Gorilla shit! Look, its too late for tired egotism. Woogies everywhere — as far as you can see or hear or think — Woogies! Asia, Latin America, same motion. Same rising up by the lows — Gooks, Chinks, Spicks. . .

TARZAN

Now Boy sound like Son I raise.

BOY

But thats just it, that approach is passe. It dont make it, Father dear.

TARZAN

(Drops head as if to weep)

BOY

(Cheering him up)

My man, Tarzan!. Hey, you my main man — my idol, Big T, Lord of the J!

TARZAN

Then why you put me down, Boy?

BOY

I'm just trying to tell you what I learned. You sent me to school to learn. I've got a PhD, Advanced HyperDiplomatic Studies. Minor in Intense Woogology. Now into my post doctoral studies. They loved me at Princeton. I enchanted Kissinger and Breznesinski. I was a hit at the Tri-Lateral Commission. But only in my own country am I not yet understood and appreciated.

TARZAN

Cause you talk like Woogie and say weird shit!

BOY

But dont you understand? I'm trying to save all this

(waves)

all this wealth — ours. All this luscious landscape — ours. All these humping slaving Woogies — ours. But they went be for long if we dont change up.

TARZAN

Change up? How?

(Drums go way up. They look.)

Black

**Scene 2**

(They are looking toward the sound of the drums.)

TARZAN

What Woogies making racket for? Drums get louder and louder. Tarzan should go see what is going on.

BOY

We have to talk first, Pop. Then we can check it out.

TARZAN

Why?

BOY

Some other stuff's happening and I better let you in on it or we both in trouble.

TARZAN

(Shrugs)

BOY

We gotta change, Pa.. .We've gotta adapt to contemporary modes — otherwise everything we've built will be taken from us!

TARZAN

Taken from us! Never! By who?

BOY

(Points in direction of noises and drums)

(Just beyond where T & B are standing the sound of many people passing swiftly. We hear cries like war cries — but they are almost intelligible. . "Reng! Renga — Ia! — Ia! — Ia! Renga! &c." Boy & Tarzan watch over their shoulder and crouch almost imperceptibly.)

TARZAN

(With sudden fit)

Tarzan go see what all noise. . .

BOY

No, Tarzan, I think I better talk to you first — OK?

TARZAN

What — What is this, Boy afraid of Woogies? I send Boy to school to learn, maybe learning make Boy coward!

BOY

T, no, you've gotta understand — We've gotta modernize — camouflage the old ways with new trappings, new rap, new propaganda, new approach — otherwise, we're through dealin. The woogies will waste our happy hunting ground.

TARZAN

Never. . .never! Why you say this, Boy?

(Grabs boy by his tunic)

Why? Tarzan no raise coward.

BOY

I'm tellin you . . .

(suddenly drums raise up again --whites run into clearing--a man, his wife, two teen age children — T&B look, staying on side)

MARY

Dirty savages! Dirty savages!

MKAZI

Our home, Duke, our land . . .snatched away.

YOUNG GIRL

And did you see the way one of them kept staring at my . . .

MARY

Kim, Kim!

(Holds her)

YOUNG BOY

And did you see the female amongst them, how she kept swaggering about training her gun on my . . .

MKAZI

Mick, Mick!

(Mother grabs him.)

MARY

Filthy Savage!

(Like prayer.)

Tarzan save us!

MKAZI

Our land! Our Homes! The savages say Tarzan is dead!

TARZAN

(animated)

Listen. They call to Tarzan. Tarzan hears. Tarzan not dead. I save them. Tarzan not dead! Tarzan make war!

BOY

Listen. . .

(suddenly in the bush, a submachine gun's vicious chatter, a hand grenade!)

TARZAN

(Tarzan is taken aback, he inadvertently crouches -another hand grenade. Voices of Blacks in bush calling, "Chimurenga! Chimurenga! Chimurenga! Chimurenga!")

TARZAN

What this?

(Turns to boy)

BOY

The Woggies -

TARZAN

They hopped up?

BOY

Yeh, hopped up with Uhuru!

TARZAN

What, Uhuru?

BOY

Anti-Tarzan.

(Blacks continue cries, "Chimurenga! Chimurenga! Chimurenga! Kill Tarzan! Kill Tarzan!")

BOY

You hear? Kill Tarzan!

TARZAN

What mean, Kill Tarzan? No Woogie can kill Tarzan.

BOY

Please, Papa, no mythology. The wow-the-natives-with -a-cigarette-lighter-days are over. In fact they never came. The cigarette lighter was the symbol of our technology. The end of feudalism. The triumph of capitalism. The bourgeoisification of the entire globe!

TARZAN

You talk alot of shit Boy!

BOY

Yeh, yeh, pop. . .be proud of me, cause I got an answer.

TARZAN

Answer? Tarzan make war!

(His emotional rise is broken again by the steady deadly chuckle of machine guns, and an ocassional grenade!) (Tarzan stands and digs. He squinches his eyes to try to get it into his knot. He turns slightly to look at Boy.)

The Woogies?

BOY

You bet!

TARZAN

Anti-Tarzan?

BOY

Fo Sho!

TARZAN

They no afraid of Tarzan no more?

BOY

(Shakes his head slowly "No" emphasizes now, "No!")

TARZAN

(Softly)

Wow. . . . .

(even more softly)

Wow

(scratches his head, and his head slumps. . . .thinks. . .then knowing Boy is checking him he trys to pull up head and almost succeeds. He turns to look at Boy)

So, what. . . . .

BOY

(Breaks his question with triumphant informational tone)

Yeh yeh, poppa T, but dont despair. We're ready for them. You did the right thing. You see you were correct, anyway. . .you sent me to post colonial training! Yeh, PCT! I've studied, Papa T, studied my ass off. Spent

years in seminars, think tanks, retreats. Studied the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, The Rise and Fall of The British Empire. I bled with Gordon: at the fall of Khartoum I clucked my tongue when the Americans poured dough into Chaing Kai Chek, I got whipped a little at Dien Bien Phu. Vietnam, Cambodia, Mozambique, Guinea Bissau, I wept a little in my school books, Pop, I'll tell you. Watching and digging the mistakes we made. But I did dig.

(Shakes Tarzan to try to make him understand)

But I die dig. I dug it. I rationalized and understood what went down. I went past the emotional attachment to symbols and whatnot. Dad, I dug. Dig? I dug!! And do dig now, T, man. I m an I understood finally why it was and is we fail, and how we can reverse it all, man, reverse it all, and climb back up to the top of the number. How we can, in fact, rule, yeh T, rule forever!

TARZAN

You high, Boy?

(At this moment, as Boy laughs, in response to Tarzan, a black pokes head thru bush, and whistles "We Shall Overcome", twice. Tarzan whips around and pulls out his knife.)

TARZAN

What?

BOY

(Stays his hand, gives the counter whistle, the second part of "We Shall Overcome".)

No, pop, its part of my answer, cool it.

TARZAN

A woogie!

BOY

It's my man. Listen.

STOOP

I am Somebody.

BOY

I may be in a banstutan. I may be in apartheid.

STAN

But I am Somebody!

(now, given passwords, rushes into clearing)

Mr. Boy! Mr. Boy!

Stoop rushes and shakes Boy's hand. Tarzan hovers in background with knife still out.)

TARZAN

Who this?

BOY

This is Dr. Stan Stoop, L.I.E.; A.S.S.c; N.I.G.

TARZAN

He look like a Woogie to me!

STAN

Sir?

BOY

Excuse my father, Stan, he's from the old school. Takes a while you know?!

STAN

Ahhhh

(satisfied)

yes. . .the old school. Very quaint, the old school. Oh, yes.

(sizing up T.)

I know you. . .you're Mr. Boy's father, my goodness, it was difficult in this light. My goodness . .you're the great Tarrrrrrrrrzan!

TARZAN

(Straightens up at this showing of utter spinelessness.)

Me, Tarzan. You Woogie!

BOY

Pop, will you be cool. Stan is not a Woogie. Stan is a colleague. An associate.

STAN

A friend.

TARZAN

Stan is Woogie, for all that boogie!

BOY

(Upset)

Pop, no, you're not using my years of study. You're just going on in your old way

(shouts)

which AINT WORKING!

TARZAN

What Boy mean? What Woogie got to do with Boy's studies?

STAN

(Smiling warmly and a little patronizingly and this angers T)

Sir. . .if you'll let me expl. . .

TARZAN

(Draws knife back threateningly)

Woogie get back!

BOY

(Hot)

Pop, will you restrain your ol' Honkyism and let contemporary science take over?!

(Steps between T&S)

STAN

(A bit shaken, but goodnatured)

Really, sir, if you'll only let meerusMr Boy explain. . .

TARZAN

Tarzan no like the way this Woogie act. Like he not Woogie — like crazy orangutang on escarpment thought he was a bird. Used to run around flapping his arms. Flapping his arms like big hairy bird. Finally leaped off escarpment flapping his arms like wings.

STAN

And?

TARZAN

He no bird. Was orangutang. Broke ass. . .dead.

STAN

Dead

(head down)

poor thing.

TARZAN

(Looks at Stan, shakes head)

Woogie crazy like that, Boy? He gonna flap his arms?

STAN

(Lifts his arms slowly, looking at them sadly, then he smiles)

No, sir.

BOY

If you'll let me talk to you, Tarzan and quit popping off to dumb conclusions you'll learn something.

TARZAN

(Grabs boy suddenly and pulls him sharply toward him.)

Boy think Tarzan fool?

(Shakes him.)

Tarzan no fool.

BOY

(Asserts himself and pulls out of T's grasp.)

And Boy no Boy, any more.

(Shouts)

I'm tryin to Tell You Something for your own Good

(Quieter)

For Our own good.

(Serious and shaking.)

You see, Tarzan, it's not just about you. It's a question about upholding the very right to exist of our kind. Of Tarzans and Boys all over the world. Whereever we are and maintaining the rule of truth, justice and beauty!

STAN

(Hyped up by Boy's speech.)

Yeh. Yes! It is a universal struggle between the forces of darkness and the forces of light!

TARZAN

(Quizzically, glaring at Stan.)

Huh? What Woogie say?

BOY

An amazingly accurate metaphor is what! Yes. I like that. . .the forces of darkness versus the forces of light! Yes.

TARZAN

Woogie flapping his arms for flight?

BOY

No, no he's

(searches for word)

transcended mere skin color. I know your crude thinking. You see a Black skin and think its a Woogie, an uncivilized savage, jumping in fear at ciarette lighters.

(Horns suddenly penetrate darkness like maniacal drums)

(All look — Tarzan cocks knife again. Boy tries to be casual, smiling. Stan grins, half with a feeling of power — half scared out of his wits.)

TARZAN

What that?

BOY

Real Woogies.

TARZAN

Louder than usual.

BOY

Been loud now for years, Pop. Loud and getting louder.

(Looks at Stan.)

STAN

The voice of ignorance and savagery!

BOY

(Smiling, puffed up proud.)

Listen, Pop.

(Imploring.)

Listen to reason. Explain, Stan. Listen to him, Pop. Dont Hulk out!

TARZAN

What Woogie can explain to Tarzan? I am Conqueror of jungle. Master of all life and limb. Master of 10,000 languages and dialects. Most powerful man in Africa. Brightest light on dark continent. Tamer of Woogiedom past, present and future. Am Blonde God Boss. In a word, Taaaarrrzan of The Apes!

(Even louder, brighter, funkier, screamier horn like drums. Splinters shadows. Red lights blink.)

BOY

(Turning head significantly.)

Well All Mighty One, Woogies somewhere out there nasty and loud. Them horns got knives and beheadings in em. White peoples' graves. Prisons for rich people!

TARZAN

Tarzan is mighty! Tarzan is invincible!

BOY

Tarzan need to shut up and listen!

TARZAN

(Rares up with knife cocked.)

BOY

Speak, Stan!

STAN

Thank you.

(Clears throat.)

Lord Tarzan, Sir, I know you are from the old school, a glorious tradition. . .glorious, glorious tradition. From Greece, from Heaven, from eternity! Yes, eternities of mighty mighty blonde warriors. You see I understand.

(He is zooming up into big staring hysteria.)

I identify with this noble heritage. I got straight A's in Humanities. I identify!

BOY

(Boy is popping his fingers to rhythms of S's hysteria)

Yeh, yeh, go! Do it, Stan. Wah wha wah wah wah

(guitar sound like Kiss. though all S's speech B goes through Kiss/Punk gyrations can add makeup so he looks like Kiss or wig to be Punk, &c.)

STAN

I identify I identify

(Throws up arms)

I identify

(He approaches T almost weeping. . .enthralled. T backs up a taste)

Oh, but for the accident of this skin

(holds up back of hand, wincing)

I'd be a part of it!

TARZAN

(Looking at him amazed — repelled, yet drawn to S's groveling.)

BOY

Are you digging it, Pop? Huh?

TARZAN

Is very strange . . . .very . . . .stran. . . . .

STAN

No, No, Lord Tarzan, Sir, it's not strange. Or maybe it is. But the important thing is that there are a few of us, very few. Me and a couple of my class mates. Who, despite our tawny, sepia, jet, ebony, hue, understood

(heavy pause)

understood and understand the glory of your rule. We are one with you, sir. We know who you are!

TARZAN

(looks abashed, then impressed. He looks at Boy.)

BOY

(winks)

STAN

(Empowered by T's warming response)

Ahhhhhh

(in gratitude. Now, quieter, in reverence.)

We know who you are.

(Pause)

But, Lord Tarzan, you have to understand that all that is important can only be protected by a system that recognizes all of those worthy of recognition. All of the initiates. All of those sworn to uphold the rule of light over darkness.

(Daring, but cautious.)

And there are. . .some. . .a few. . . dark faces that can pass muster.

TARZAN

(Looking from S to B to S to his blade.)

Hummmmm. What Him mean, Boy?

BOY

He's saying that there's dark faces now understand your rule

(pause)

our rule, must be upheld. Not because they're afraid of us. Not because Tarzan make war. But because they understand the beauty, and truth and justice, of our rule. They not only aspire to help uphold that rule, they are now key elements in upholding that rule.

TARZAN

Key elements? How?

STAN

(Emboldened)

Because if inside men like myself are not brought into the fold, then unruly gangs egged on by the classic outside agitators will try to overthrow all that is of value. To replace light with darkness! To replace culture with hysterical wiggling!

TARZAN

So what this mean?

BOY

It mean, pop, that Stan, here, is our colleageu. We need him

(significantly)

and he needs us.

TARZAN

Why?

BOY

Because the unruly gangs and outside agitators call for liberation, self determination, independence, the overthrow of Tarzan's rule.

(Laughs)

Can you imagine, they want to overthrow T of the J.

TARZAN

That impossible.

(Horns scream loud sirens as drums, voices scream now under them, "Chimurenga! Chimurenga! Uhuru! Umkonto we Sizwe!)

BOY

(Boy & Stan look at each other then at Tarzan.)

It's impossible if we do what is necessary. If we bring our act into the last part of the 20th century.

STAN

If the we includes all of those deserving.

TARZAN

All? What that Mean?

STAN

Those of quality, worldwide.

BOY

Pop, we can no longer rule with just the might and white of T of The J!

TARZAN

Why?

BOY

Because the unruly gangs and classic outside agitators have put the Uhuru, Chimurenga, freedom bug in the peoples' ear.

TARZAN

Freedom a lie. Orangutangs flapping arms.

BOY

But they will fall off the escarpment on our heads! The sheer weight of their failure will kill us too. Millions tumbling off the escarpment, arms akimbo, thrashing wildly, smashing into our civilization, foaming at the mouth with crazy cries!

TARZAN

Ugg!

(Genuinely sickened.)

STAN

But that is where I, and a few other inside types come in. We rise with the cry of freedom, uhun. We look the part. We look like, pardon the expression, Woogies ourselves. So we play the part. To us it's art! And so we rise, with their horrible cries. We rise

(blood up now).

We rise as part of those cries. We are the embodiment of Uhuru. The soul of liberation. We even help to run you out, Lord Tarzan

(Quickly)

but only as a tactic. Because once we walk into the state house. Once we lay our round polished posteriors into the presidents chair, onto the Prime Minister's desk, ease behind the party chairman's podium, everything is O.K. O.K., you see?

TARZAN

(looking half quizzically, half amused, shaking his head slowly.)

BOY

Because we're partners. Associates.

STAN

Colleagues.

TARZAN

Woogie work for us.

BOY

Stan is not a Woogie! Do not use that word again. Stan is a colleague. An enlightened element in a world of screaming darkness. And he does not work for us. We work <u>together</u>!

TARZAN

Together?

(unbelieving)

BOY

Together!

STAN

We share the wealth and share the power!

TARZAN

Share? Tarzan not like that word.

STAN

Yes you see. I'm in Woogie land as ruler, as director, as chief of my fief. But all old connections remain. I'm made wealthy and famous, sanctified personage of the new order, but all our old relationships remain. . .But. .

TARZAN

But what?

BOY

But Stan gets his cut.

TARZAN

(Looks longingly at blade.)

BOY

His share.

TARZAN

But then why Stan need us?

STAN

Because I understand. I identify. But I must have dignity — to truly identify — I must see myself as a real part of the rule of justice and light.

TARZAN

Hmmmm

(not quite convinced)

BOY

Without telling you, Pop, I've already set up such relationships in many places.

TARZAN

What?

BOY

While you're weeping about decadence and weakness and lamenting the fall of our family. I've been working, reconstructing our rule along contmporary lines. Here. I'll show you.

(Whips out portable slide projector and flashes images against the trees.)

Watch this.

( Kenyatta's picture.)

TARZAN

Mau Mau

(Raises knife)

BOY

(Laughs)

Ha. . .a good cover story. One of our chief operatives.

(Flashes another image — Amin — Mobutu — Senghor)

Fantastic poet!

STAN

The negritude tip was marvelous!

BOY

But see what Negra dood — the tude is harmless

(Slide shows — Houphouet — Boigny)

STAN

Very French.

( Tubman, Tolbert)

STAN

Very American.

(Eric Willimas, Eric Gairy)

STAN

Very British.

(EThiopian junta, Vietnamese junta, Castro)

STAN

Very Russian.

BOY

And dig this pop, even in the good ol US of A, where unruly nigger gangs and classic outside agitators thought they could run amuck, like in the hot old sixties.

TARZAN

(Shudders.)

BOY

Wasn't nuthin wrong with the 60. s

(laughs)

Tarzan thought I'd gone crazy. I got high — hair longer than his — joined organizations. . .But I was just learning the lingo, checking out contemporary studies!

STAN

A really marvelous time. So much energy.

BOY

But you see T we harnassed it. We channeld all that energy. . .

(Flashes faces — Gibson, Rangel, Bradley, Jordan, Young)

The unrulies were screaming about Self Determination! Talking about ending National Oppression, and we bleeped em good. . .

(Sammy Davis, MuhammAd Ali, Ben Vereen, Superfly, Blackla Eldridge Cleaver)

BOY

Turned em around

STAN

It was breathtaking. How all the real slicksters rose to the tops of the buildings! Inspiring. And as those turbulent times drew to a close I cd look around and see

(Images continue)

see my friends, my relatives, my brothers and sisters, my class mates, all stand up and be counted. I cd see them come forward to join with leading forces all over the world . . .because they identified and came forward as one force, to make their deals!

BOY

(is applauding)

Right-o . . .to make their own sweet deals.

TARZAN

So these woo. . . .

BOY

Blacks and indeed browns yellows reds . . . all over the third world. . . our colleagues. . .Colleagues

TARZAN

So these Blacks here in Africa you show, they all make deal and now our. . .

(pauses at the weight of the idea)

our colleagues.

BOY

Exactly. They're our on the scene contacts. We work together, they're in one spot we're in another, to make the big bux and make the big bux bigger. This is the new learning.

TARZAN

When I see Vorster he say. . .

BOY

Vorster

(laughs)

Pop, you're really out of touch. Vorster's not even down there any more.

TARZAN

What?

(Puzzled)

But Smithy say to me just last year

BOY

(Laughing louder. Stan makes almost paternal smirking smile shaking his head "no no")

Smithy. Pop, the woo. . .Blacks got rid of him, pop. He's on the touring circuit cussing out the Blacks, but they got the power.

TARZAN

Is truth? Smith gone, Vorster gone. What about South Africa

(he is pale and shakin)

Is. . .

BOY

No, its still controlled by our family. For now. But they're resisting the modern science. They still want to go by your old style. And I've been telling them the same thing I'm telling you.

STAN

Modernize for super-profits and great security. Its the sure way, Lord, Tarzan. The sure way. The last part of the 20th century is about partnership. Mutual gain. We're all on the same team. The same team.

(Boy grabs Stan's hand and holds it up in triumph. He grabs Tarzan's hand as well, and stands between the two both hands held up in triumph.)

BOY

The Same Teeeeeeeaaaaammmmmmmm!!!!

(They cheer. Tarzan at first reluctantly but then he too joins in.

(Tarzan, Boy and Stan sit down & begin having tea. They are talking and laughing. Tarzan seems relaxed, and is telling war stories. Boy and Stan laughing.)

STAN

Gee, that's a great story Lord Tarzan. Wish I'd been with you in those days. Such adventure. Such glory.

BOY

And he's got a million of em too. That's why its so hard to get Tarzan to accept science because he's got such a great history of ripping and roaring, its probably hard to accept that times have changed and that new methods are needed.

STAN

I remember when I came of age. Lord Carrington in my country, Mzilikazi, had come forward on the balcony to tell the people how it was their own fault that they lived in poverty and degradation. They wdn't listen. They hooted and threw mud at him. That great old gentleman. Splendidly dressed he was I remember, a white linen suit and linen cap and sun glasses. Very smart. But the goddam woogies wdnt listen, they hooted and tossed bottles and mud. Then the homeguards started swinging their clubs. But all of a sudden it hit me. I'd been there staring and listening to the great Lord Carrington, and then it hit me. I loved Lord Carrington, because you see, I indentified. But he was at a disavantage, because most of the crowd, the bunch of shouting stinking niggers, did not identify. So I jumped forward and started speaking. I put down colonialism and imperialism and white rule and said we should be free. I screamed Uhuru Uhuru and the crowd listened. And then I said the same things Lord Carrington said. For instance I told them that if the youth signed a pledge of excellence, and swore an oath to do better in schools the schools wd get better and the drop outs wd cease. I said we must be more industrious and more courteous to each other and our black unity and black culture and black heritage would make us great. That we had to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. That white people werent to blame it was our own laziness and foolishness and dirty clothes. I even made up a chant to catch their ear. I said, We may be dirty and ugly and stupid and without a past or a future, fighting with roaches in

banstustans and sold out by buzzards in white suits, but we am somebody. And they repeated after me. We am somebody. We may be on death row, or in a tenement shack or unemployed in the blazing hungry ghetto but we am somebody. The crowd went wild, except a few hard cases. . .I got their names. . .and I cd see Lord Carrington. . .nodding he was such a great person, so wise. I cd see he understood that I was saying the same things, but my skin, for once, was valuable, invaluable. I became the Village Voice. And I understood my mission, the mission of all of us inside niggers who identify, to say the same thing in woogietalk. To translate the greatness of our humanity courses for the common louts and loutesses, in exchange for our humble place on the team!!

BOY

And on the team you are!

TARZAN

Amazing tale that!

(Again the horns like siren — drums highscreamings ---voices "Death to Imperialism" The three are startled but now act more swiftly)

STAN

They sound very active. I've work to do . . .I must be going.

BOY

Yes.

TARZAN

Where colleague go?

BOY

He s got some coolout work to do. Zimbabwe opened up the woogies noses. They aiming at Mzilikazi now. Stan's got to cool out some and probably eliminate some, right Stan.

STAN

Correct. Coolout some eliminate others, the correct formula.

BOY

(Grab Stan's hand again, shakes it then Tarzans')

So good luck colleague, good luck.

(Sings)

We're colleagues yeh, colleagues yeh, colleagues yeh yeh yeh

(Pulls Tarzan and Stan into a dancing line. They all begin singing like white rock or fusion)

We're colleagues, yeh, colleagues, yeh, colleagues, yeh yeh yeh

(doing a trio rock step like at Felt Forum)

Colleagues, yeh, Colleagues, yeh, Colleagues, yeh yeh yeh

Black

**Scene 3**

Stan is leaving. . .the countersign is being given. . . . "Sommeeeee daaaayyayayay" Tarzan and Boy are watching. Tarzan smiling, Boy waving.

TARZAN

Amazing, Boy, amazing. How that happen? Orangutang actually fly?

BOY

(Laughing)

Receipts from enlightenment. You see for years we bullshitted that we were bringing the benefits of western culture to the darker continent. Some believed it, but most wanted simply to stuff their pockets and the bringing culture bit soothed consciences pricked by xtian mythology. But there's something to it, pop. We've actually trained a group of blacks to think like us, in english, american, french, even russian. And their affluence and influence is tied to us, to our power, to our vision of the world. There's a whole group of them, a whole class almost.

TARZAN

Class, why you talk foolishness?

BOY

Oh, boy, pop, we both know there's classes-the rich, the middle and the poor, and we aint giving up wooden nickles', but we got to use science to fight in a real world. The rich deserve to be rich for as long as they do deserve it. Dont mystify it. When we stop deserving it, it'll be taken away from us thats all. That aint half bad.

TARZAN

Tarzan get upset when boy talk like woogie.

BOY

Helps me keep close to the managers, Pop, that's all.

(Does little step like boogie.)

Colleagues, yeh. Colleagues yeh yeh yeh. Hey dont get me wrong, Stan's not a bad guy. That accents corny. .and he gets a little pushy now and then. You know he's a real schizophrenic. But he's a necessary part of the modern operation and he's doing real well.

(We see Stan getting into his Rolls Royce, with Black chauffuer, negro woman is waiting in the car, she's African, but done up to look like a white woman --makeup, blonde wig. But on top of the car sits a white woman, alone, preening and twisting. Car moves out. Boy still speaking and we hear him like a narrator.)

BOY

Yeh, Stan is weird. I've even done some advanced studies of Stan and the Stans of the world. I've managed to look into his brain. Since the fundamental function of the brain is electrical. I managed to get the whole track of his brains function on a brainovision tracker. I had it designed especially for such work. To look into the brains, scope the minds, of our highlevel employees.

TARZAN

What that, Brainovision Tracker?

BOY

It lets us actually see how these peoples minds work. The imagees and symbols that influence and direct them. So then we learn how to manipulate such symbols therefore helping us manipulate these people.

(We see Rolls, Stan inside, white woman on roof.)

BOY

Check this now, Pop, you wanna see what Stan's into and what's into Stan?! urgent

(Stan comes out of car crawls on the roof grapples with white woman. They do kick-leg dance on roof of car. Stan jumps off car pulling off his clothes. White woman doing swivel hipped dance waving cigarettelighter which she flicks on and off. We see a cross manifest in one corner of the stage, with neon lights on it blinking on and off. "Vacancy". Stan runs and does agony dance before the cross. And hooks himself up on it. Money comes down, dollars float down from the sky. The white woman turns her ass up towards audience and dollar bills fly out of her ass and catch on fire. Stan leaps off the cross and tries to catch the money. Now white men on stilts with long white robes walk with slow aggravated stride past him. Stan cranes his head at them, back and forth, looking up at their great height. Then leaping leaping trying, as it were, to be as tall as they are. Trying to hold himself up in their air. He starts flapping his arms like a bird. The same white men come back across with whitetie and top hats doing a time step like Fred Astaire's. The woman becomes ginger rogers --all have a ginger rogers figure with them, they dance to "Puttin On The Ritz". Stan dances too. The whites get martinis Stan gets two, one in each hand. They are whirling around and he begins whirling around. A black beggar emerges from the shadow, hand out begging from the whites. Stan runs and pushes him out of the way. Drunken black staggers out of shadows is talking incoherently and falls. Stan jumps in front of him, then tries to drag him off stage quickly so whites cant

TARZAN

What? That's Jane. What Jane doing there, with Woogie?

BOY

Wait, Pop. You see Mom understood much earlier how to trick these Woogies. And she agreed to go along with my plan.

TARZAN

Why she do this?

BOY

For the future. Nothing's happening to her. She's just bait. Actually, she's not even there, she's in a film studio I built under the Great Falls. Stan just thinks she's there. I told you he was schizophrenic.

TARZAN

Tarzan not like this.

BOY

But Pop, she's not even there. Stan just thinks she's there. He never touches her. She's in are studio reading Ms magazine.

**Scene 4**

see. Group of blacks come rushing out chasing the whites. Stan runs backwards running "with" blacks & whites at same time. He's waving his hands at Blacks and trying to talk to whites at same time.

TARZAN

(Still watching with Boy)

Wow. Boy learn much shit. Was very smart to send you to college.

BOY

Right on!

TARZAN

All these things we see in Colleague's head.

BOY

Thats right.

(Now the Rolls is pulling off, the flag of the new state, Mzilikazi, waving from a staff on the bumper.)

(Car is rolling along — film — w/ riders looking properly affluent & removed, &c They are center stage. Tarzan and Boy are upstage center. Stage right downstage appear peasants, as if car is passing them. They are digging in the earth, digging. Singing African work song. Latino work song. Afro-American work song. Asian work song.

PEASANTS
Diggin in the dirt
Plantin in the earth
Bringing out food
Givin up your life
Workin on the land
Workin on the land
Givin up your life
Bringing out food
Plantin in the earth
Diggin in the dirt
But who owns the land

Not me
Not me
Nor I
Nor you
Nor you
Nor I
Not me
Not me
But who owns the land

(The stand straight and pt at the whizzing car)

Diggin in the dirt
Working on the land
But who owns the land
None of us
None of us
Who dig
None who bring
The food
Own the land

(point at car passing)

None of us
Who dig
None who bring
The food
Own the Land

(Now the song which begins as a steady beat of digging in the dirt, takes on another character. As the digging does. Instead of the steady plodding poking at the earth, now the digging takes on a jabbing stabbing violent character. As if the peasants were taking out their frustrations on the earth. The car stops on the film and Star begins talking, as if he was talking to the peasants. The peasants continue stabbing the ground for a minute while Stan talks, and he is seen to get more and more frustrated. Then the peasants stop and turn to face him as he is speaking. He is grinning and gesticulating The peasants continue to sing their song:

None of us
Who dig
None who bring
The food
Own the Land
Who Owns The Land
None of us
Who dig
None who bring
The food
Own the Land
But who owns the Land

(This is repeated over and over while Stan speaks. The peasants stop digging in the ground and begin to dig at the air, and dig as if they were digging in Stan's chest and face. He goes on, a weird character on a film,

talking and grinning and waving and gesticulating. The peasants continue their singing, ominous and full of violence:

Who owns the Land
None of us
Who dig
None who bring
the food
Own the Land
But who owns/ The Land
Who owns
The Land
But who owns/ The Land
Who owns
The land

(Stan is finished speaking. The peasants continue jabbing at the air and chanting. Stan is bowing while they do this as if it is applause. As the car pulls off the peasants stop abruptly, and one among them points at the car. They all point at the car, and turn and huddle briefly, and then begin to leave the field. Going in the direction of the car. They begin to sing the whole song again.

Diggin in the dirt
Plantin in the earth
Bringin out food
Givin up your life
Working on the land
Working on the land
Givin up your life
Bringin out food
Plantin in the earth
Diggin in the dirt

(Tarzan and Boy observing from their clearing.)

BOY

You see how masterfully our colleague handled them. Not a peep, just wham, bam, thank you mam!

TARZAN

Our colleague very smooth. Woogies fall for his line sweet sweet.

BOY

Science, pop, science. The woogies are so freaked out that one of their own is big time. A president or prime minister or mayor or 1st woogie to rub up against white people in outter space. Our rule has truly warped their woogie minds. Though only a handful, like our man, Stan, are really really wiped out. But there is a general subordination freakout love complex engineered by years of oppression and colonialism that cools them in the presence of our word. Tho for a minute they had got hip enough not to dig our faces. But now our word thrown through the mouths of educated zombies like Stan who we raise up to be the Village Voice has just about the same effect. You notice the coordinated subcreature rock cultivation move they had going as the watched on Stan deliver. It was inspiring, pop, inspiring.

TARZAN

Boy make sense. Tarzan dig.

(They look at each other and laugh and embrace.) --

(Stage left, a group of dock workers are heaving bags of rice onto a ship. The car on the screen pulls by then back, then up. The workers go on working, just barely looking at Stan. They are also chanting and singing. A fast blues, with puffing work rhythms sprung by piercing ratatatat scream horn: women workers checkers checking)

What it is
this work and labor
What it is
this sweat and strain
Where it is
bux and luxury
Where it is
a better life
Who it is
get rich off our muscle
Who it is
so clean and mean
Why it is
we bust our ass & still be poor
Why it is
we bust our ass and get no more
Eeee Eeee Eeee Eeee
Why it is
we bust our ass and get no money
Why it is
we bust our ass and still be poor
Who it is
so pressed and tied and dyed
Who it is
get superrich off our muscle
Where it is
a better life
say
Where it is
a better life
say
Where it is
the bux & luxury
& what it is
this sweat & strain
say
What it is
this work and labor
say it again
this work & strain
What it is

Say
Tell me right now
What it is
will change the
day
Say
What it is
Say
Who it is
Say
Where it is
Hey
Why it is
Hey
Who it is
Get ribh off our labor
EEeeee Eeeeee Eeeeee Eeeeee
Eeeeee Eeeeee Eeeeee Eeeeee

(Stan meanwhile has started his introduction and is now speaking. He is smiling and gesturing, the workers look up barely, and he grins broader and broader. He is still on film & his mouth is working, but we only hear the workers. Now an occasional sound breaks through his animated silence. And it coincides with the "Hey's" or "Say's" of the song

STAN

Money.

(silence)

Progress

(silence)

Elite

(silence)

AfricanCommunal

(silence)

Foreign Domination

(silence)

New Africa

(silence). (As stan goes on the song gets more animated.)

Brothers

(silence)

Sisters

(silence)

Comrades

(silence)

Trouble Makers

(silence)

Complete Change

(sile (At the end of Stan's speech, the couple bureaucrats watching the workers applaud wildly. Most of the workers look up & nod and look slowly at each other.

Now, as Stan is readying to leave he does a "car dance", waving good bye, and at the same time almost copulating with his Rolls. He rubs it and bumps it, and tip toes around it, he whirls around in ecstasy, leaping like a ballet dancer: touching, kissing, waving, tipping, shaking, rattling & rolling, and then in a kind of "triumphant" leap a la pas de deux, gets in waving grinning and finally splits. The workers record it, some smile drolly A woman worker as if wavingat Stan begins to do his same dance but changes it just enough so that it is satirical sardonic, now as accompaniment for the song, and at the end, the workers swoop together, heads together, arms go up, and leaping, whoop, a shrill yet deeply somber shout, then stop all of a sudden, in the direction Stan has gone, and then suddenly, turn to face the audience, and laugh. . . . laugh. . . laugh. . . laugh. . . laugh. . . . laugh

(Tarzan and Boy in their clearing still watch)

BOY

You see with our technology we're really gods. So that means we're God and Country. The sky lord and the land lord.

TARZAN

Colleague smooth as dead sky sunday. Smooth as escarpment after native massacre. Air sings then, crazy victory dance. . Animals snort in our tempo.

BOY

Science, pop, that's all. Science.

TARZAN

Tarzan sorry he doubted Boy. Boy hip!

BOY

Now, excuse me a second, Pop, I'm. . . .

(laughs)

hahaha I'm . . .

TARZAN

What boy?

BOY

I m gonna get high

TARZAN

High?

BOY

Nothing heavy, just a little white girl.

TARZAN

Boy bring girl back to Escarpment!

BOY

No, pop, that's woogie talk for the drug cocaine.

TARZAN

Boy use drugs? Why?

BOY

Just a trifle, pop. Just enough to get me on top of everything, rather than having everything on top of me! Just to ease up off the ground a taste.

TARZAN

Wish Boy wd not use so much woogie talk. It unsettling. Now, Boy use Woogie deathwish potion.

BOY

It's recreation, Pop, modern recreation. Have no fear. It gets me used to woogie states of consciousness, so I know exactly how they think. Think of it as experimental recreation, Pop. Experimental recreation, with positive social side effects. You shd try some Pop, just a little, give you an interesting insight into jungle affairs.

TARZAN

No, no. Tarzan remain clear headed.

(Whips out canteen)

Maybe just small swig of kickapoo joy juice.

(Turns bottle up, blanches, both laugh quietly.) (They huddle together and begin to sing an English sounding ditty.)

BOY
I am &
You am
&
B&T
We am
So beauty
Full
BOY
I am &
You am
&
B&T
We am
So Great
We are not
Bragging
& dont think
We're exaggerating
BOY
That I am &
You am
&
B&T
We am
Wonderful,
Historical
High Cultural
B&T
Angelical
Aesthetical
Deeply theoretical
Yes we are
you are
& I are
Just Great

(Repaeat)

(They sing and sway, B cocaine high, T booze bent, like two parts of the barbershop quartet. Rocking in sheer self-joy. .)

**Scene 5**

(In Stan's quarters in Mzilikazi. He is readying himself for an appearance at a major rally far the 10th anniversary of Uhuru ("Independence") in the capital city, Ovyo. His wife is powdering and wigging up, spinning around in the mirror. A white woman (in his mind) is rambling ar ound in the room, doingHa kind of touch everything in the room dance, including the wife. Then the ww rubs and grabs and rolls around on Stan. Hugging him and sprawling on him, as he is dressing. Stan's wife, looks over says:

MARY

How do I look, Mr. Prime Minister?

STAN

Marvelous, darling

(WW is still rolling around on him.)

How do I look?

MARY

(Comes over)

Very prime minister like, I'd say.

(WW is between them. Mary bends over and puts kiss on S's cheek, just missing white woman's head to do this.)

How much time do we have?

STAN

(at watch)

A few minutes. Reggie and Mzigo are due here momentarily to go with us. This will be the moment. Celebration of the 10 th anniversary of Uhuru. The consolidation of my government. A speech to the people, then right to the Mzilikazi Parliament for yet another vote of confidence for the Stoop government. A new chapter of African progress.

MARY

(She applauds gently.)

And a new house and villa one hopes. And a mercedes for me.

STAN

Not only that, my dear, but more and more. All those fine arabian things yo little heart pines for. And mine I might add. No I will add yours. My pining will be immediate

(laugh) (The ww continues her baleful slithering)

Just a short time now.

(looks at watch)

(From both sides of the stage, down, right and left, crossing center then off upstage right and left, two lines of Africans. On one side, the peasants, with tools and pangas, walks — stylized — singing their song — — then

Today is the day
The speech gets
made. Today is the
day, we go to the

city. Yaaaaayyyy.
Today is the day
new progress
is made, today
is the day, we
go to the city
yayayayayayyyyyy

(From the other side the workers. And as these lines are moving, others are joining them.

MKAZI
Today is the day
we see progress made
Today is the day
the speech gets made
Today is the day and
We in the city.
yaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyy

(In the line a worker and peasant girl come together as the lines cross.

MKAZI

(as W)

Areyou in the city for the speech, and the celebration of 10 years of Uhuru?

AYANNA

(as P)

Yes. I am with my family. All of us have come to the city. My whole village. Are you here for the celebration?

MKAZI

I work in the city, on the docks. But my whole gang, and many more are on our way to the center of the city.

(Pause, slow look.)

We are going to see the progress.

AYANNA

Yes. We have heard there was to be much progress. And money for our crops. And schools and health care. All modern things we have heard. But we have seen none. So we come to the city to see these things and find out if we can bring some back to our dying lands.

MKAZI

You walked in from the countryside?

AYANNA

Yes all the way from Mijiza.

(The two lines are still passing behind them. And the singing goes on quietly, and rhythmically, accenting their conversation.)

MKAZI

All the way from Mijiza.

(muses, head down)

All the way from Mijiza to see the progress.

AYANNA

(puzzled)

Yes.

MKAZI

Suppose

(slowly)

there is no progress?

AYANNA

We saw a minister. A great minister. A black man. Talk to us in the fields. He said these things to us, and we marked him. Because we had been waiting. Waiting. Because these are the things our fathers and mothers had fought for. This is why they drove the white man out!

(Voice rising sharply)

MKAZI

Yes. It is for a better life, a truer life, a life of usefulness and wellbeing. Schools, hospitals, better wages, meaningful work, independence. Self determination. Yes, that is why the white man was driven into the sea. But I do not think we have yet driven the white man into the sea. I think he is alive and well, still laughing at us while he exploits us.

AYANNA

(animated)

What? Why do you say these things? We have a black government. Black ministers. A flag. A national anthem. We speak our own language. We have uhuru! And independence.

MKAZI

I think not. You will see Tarzan today. . .before the day is over. . .you will see Tarzan again.

AYANNA

Nooo! Why do you say these things? Your face is so well formed, you speak so gently and . . .yet you are crazy. . .sick. . . .

(she turns to go)

MKAZI

(Touching her, urging her not to leave.)

Please. . .dont run away. It would be easy if I were sick or crazy. But it is not me, it is this

(gestures at city)

And it will not be very long and you will see it very clearly as well.

AYANNA

No. . .

MKAZI

What is your name?

AYANNA

I donot tell my name to crazy people. People who are against the Black government!

MKAZI

I am not against the black government, I am waiting for it. I want a real one. That is my plight. That is all of our plights

(at audience)

That we want Black leaders, men and women who are us truly, who will do the things we need.

AYANNA

Tell me why you say the things you say? Be clear and direct. I am not interested in foolishness.

MKAZI

Tell me your name.

AYANNA

Tell me your story first!

MKAZI

(laughs)

My name is Kazi. Mkazi. I am a dock worker.

AYANNA

You told me that. But Kazi, Mkazi, at least, is a good name.

MKAZI

I say these things to you because I am Mkazi, like my brothers and sisters at the docks. The oilfields. The railroad. The coalmines. I am a city boy. My family came from the countryside many years ago, when the white man was giving out these jobs in the city. And giving out jobs where cities were later built around them. I have never known anything but the docks. I ran the streets of this city since I was a baby. I watched my father swing the big bags high carrying our grain across the sea in the big ships he loaded. From early in the morning till the sun had already gone down. Heaving bags, just like I do. And when he came home, he wd fall across the bed and sleep. Wake up to eat dinner, talk to us a few minutes and with my mother then he would have a few bottles of beer then go back to bed and sleep till 4 in the morning when he had to rise, to go back to the docks.

AYANNA

It sounds like my father in the fields. From dark to dark trying to make the earth give up food.

MKAZI

Ah yes. You and your people are from the land. The same brute labor. But there is a difference. Since you are on the land, and can see the land and feel the land, and even think you own some part of the land, you think somehow you can claim life. The white man took the land, so we drive them off and the land is ours, again. So the land gives reassurance, it teaches persevearance and patience. Because it is always there. The white man could claim it, but he could not remove it. We had but to remove him! But here in these cities, in these mining towns, in these grimy factories, we can claim nothing. Even what we make is taken away. We can claim nothing. We own nothing. We sell our muscles, for the little they buy. And leave the factory, the docks at night, just like we came, with nothing.

AYANNA

Wages.

MKAZI

(Laughs)

Gone before we get them. Paid back to the same swine who claim they "paying" us. We buy food from them, or clothes. We pay rent. Taxes. Gone before we get them.

AYANNA

And that has changed

(uncertain now)

it was supposed to change. These are all legacies of the white man.

MKAZI

What has changed on the land, in the countryside where you live. Your town?

AYANNA

I told you, Mijiza.

MKAZI

Well what has changed?

AYANNA

It is our land now?

MKAZI

Prices for your crops?

AYANNA

(Shakes head)

It is hard to drag food from the earth without modern tools. We have not had the right weather.

MKAZI

And when you do get more food than you need and try to sell it, what is the price? Can you get a new tractor for your sisal crop? Or must you turn in twenty years of Sisal for an old non-running tractor?

(Looks at reaction Ayanna shakes her head slowly.)

MKAZI

And where are the schools, and the health care that was promised? The new irrigation to better bring food from the earth. Has it changed?

AYANNA

No.

(irritated)

No, not yet. But it is said we must give our brothers a chance. That times will get better, the progress will come.

MKAZI

You know Mzigo, Mukama, Reggie Reed?

AYANNA

I know the prime minister Mr Stoop. I have heard of Mzigo. The others I dont know, who are they?

MKAZI

It doesnt matter, their names. But when we fought the white men these men could not be found. They called us names, some of them, and condemned us as racists, and extremists.

AYANNA

Prim Minister Stoop was a hero. He opposed the white man.

MKAZI

Yes, he was a hero. He opposed the white man. But why, is the question. And was the opposition opposition or was it merely position?

AYANNA

What?

MKAZI

I was telling you about my early life.

(They are walking now leisurely, and more closely. Mkazi has taken her arm)

And I will go on even if you wont tell me your name.

(She smiles.)

I was telling you of my father. How he would drag through the streets after work. Like he had been wounded. And he limped home to us, limped home to the bed. To the bed, and a few bottles of beer, and just a few tired words to us. I saw this all of my life. Yet I too saw the tall buildings in our city. I saw the white people in their luxury, with their cars and white suits. I saw how they lounged and relaxed and had fun. While my father slaved and my mother was depressed and frustrated. Washing us, and the house, and trying to make do with the little money my father brought home. Repairing and mending our clothes. And working at home from early in the morning till long after my father had conked out on the bed. She went on sweeping and washing and mending and cooking. Except a few times I saw them different. When they had certain friends and talked in whispers, and kept my brothers and sisters and me out of the sitting room. When they talked in whispers then I could see they were not always bent and twisted and tired and frustrated. Among these friends, they talked in whispers, they would laugh sometimes and the laughter would be of another kind. Their eyes at those times would be bright and full of fire. A black hot fire that looked like it would scorch the earth. And my father and mother then were closer, and when they said goodybe to their friends they would stand arm in arm and look at each other and smile and go into the bedroom early and leave us to our own devices. Those were good times.

(Ayanna is intersted and starts to say something but does not want to interrupt.)

And finally I understood. When the uprising began against the whites. I thought I understood a little. My father, even in these dangerous times, laughed alot. And whispered alot to friends. I began to understand the resistance, and why my father changed. Why he could walk tall even tired and what the whispering said. And then the genral strike on the docks. My father helped lead that. He told me, We're going to bring the white man to his knees. He said that to me one night, the night before the general strike. He said we're going to bring him to his knees. Drive him into the sea. And the next day they killed him. The docks rose up and lashed at the white man. The workers struck, and spoiled the cargoes, and knocked out the foremen. And police and soldiers came and shot into the crowds. But they had killed my father. And when my mother got word, she fell into a chair, and wept, but then she had to leave, because she was leading groups of women to protest and helping in the uprising. So she did not even have a chance really to cry. She dried her tears and made sure we knew what to eat, she simply dried her tears. She told us. Your father has been killed. She said it so calmly. She said it so calmly. That it went through us like electricity. Because we knew she wanted to scream and throw herself on the floor. Yet she dried her tears and told us, and helped the younger children and made them stop crying. And told us where she was going and what she had to do. She marched. And they

sang and fought that day. But my father was dead. And my mother was carried off to jail, and the nigger troops fighting for the white man had stabbed her with their bayonets in the breast, but she did not die. And she got out of jail. And they made her stay in the house, she was under house arrest, with no medical aid. But our friends saved her and helped her. I was 13 then. But the white man had lost. They had brought him to his knees. They drove him into the sea. He was gone. And we danced and laughed. And my mother, then, she wept. She kneeded against the bed, with her head down, with an old newspaper that showed a picture of my father and she wept. She stayed there a day and a night weeping for my father. Because, now it was time, the white man had been driven into the sea!

AYANNA

So it is true, you admit it, the white man is gone!

MKAZI

His body was gone, but little slim beautiful girl, the white man lives on in the heads of some of our would be leaders. The white woman rides behind some of their eyes. The progress we want is for them a myth they use, like Jesus used to be used, to trap us into endless patience and forbearance, while they gobble up the fruits of the earth. In service to the same white man.

AYANNA

You are a bitter man.

MKAZI

Bitter? I am a son of Africa, as you are a daughter of Africa. I am Mkazi, a son of Africa. I am realistic, daughter. I was taught this realism by my parents. It lets me look through mists and facades. It helps me solve shallow mysteries, and understand deep plots.

AYANNA

In the countryside we fought too. My parents helped burn the white man's crops, and run off his cattle. My father took the oath, and we bathed the countryside in the whiteman's blood. We are no patient dreamers because we come from the countryside.

MKAZI

Ahh, no, daughter, you are no patient dreamers. You have come to the city to see the progress. And that itself is progress. But I am of the city. I am Mkazi, a dockworker. And I have watched. As my mother said, as my father taught. I have watched for the progress and I see only the coming again of Tarzan.

AYANNA

No. I am Ayanna, oldest daughter of Kamau, the quiet warrior.

MKAZI

Ayanna, the beautiful flower. Well spoken. If nothing else I say seems real to you, remember this to be. . .you are the most beautiful thing in the world, including the sky the water and the land.

AYANNA

I am sure you are a son of Africa!

(They both smile)

But you were telling me your story. Why you say these terrible things about our country, and you a son of Africa.

MKAZI

After my father died, and the land changed hands so we thought, my mother was active in trying to help organize the dockworkers union. I had finished school, and begun to work on the docks. My mother wanted me to go to the university, but of course we had no money. They told us after uhuru that blacks would be able to go to college, but they didnt mean dockworkers children. So my brothers and I also went to work on the docks and we helped organize the union. And the Black government came strangely, the easy joy of saying uhuru passed, for no real change had come. Where before there were whites now there were more blacks but these had worked for the whites before in white shirts and ties. The clerks and lawyers and black landowners, now they walked tall because Africa was theirs. And all that had changed was words. But they were only that, words. Different words. And one day my mother was locked up, an old black woman, by black men, in a black country, for trying to organize workers. For trying to see that workers could live better. And now in our black country with our black ministers that was a crime. But I didnot quite understand, but my mother gave me the power to see. She told me to see who they served. Whatever was said, whatever was done, she told me to see who it served. She said that everything went back somewhere to serve someone. She told me you could follow ideas like a hunter tracked a lion, and in the end the ideas left a trail that would lead someplace. To someone's door. That all ideas were owned by one group of people or another and to trail them, to check them out, and you wd then understand them. She also told me that what people say is great or not great but what they do is how you measure them. What they do. She let me look through mists and swamp fogs. I could walk through a hurricaine of Elephant shit and still see what was real, what was concrete. For instance Right now I can look through the mist of anthems and flags and black parliaments

(Stan & Mary are adimiring each other with the white woman slithering all over, upstage right. Now Reggie and Mzigo come to pick up Stan & Mary. There is a handshaking barrage that goes on. Mary shakes reggies hand reggie shakes stan's hands, stan shakes mzigo hands and mzigo shakes mary's hands and the ww shakes all their hands. She is wearing a bikini, american flag bottom, british top, with a coronet tilted to one side on her head.)

And see

(K turns to look directly up at Stan &co)

see the black gibberish makers, the tarzan carriers, readying to bring tarzan back.

AYANNA

No!

MKAZI

Yes, right now, at this very moment

(S picks up a phone and calls Boy)

STAN

Hello, Mr. Boy. Yes, its Stan. Yes, we are about to go over. Your driver ahd be arriving any minute. How's your father?

MKAZI

Right at this very moment Tarzan is being called. Tarzan is readying to come to us. This very moment

AYANNA

You see all this

Z

I see it. And not me alone. Many of my brothers and sisters on the docks. in the mines. the factories, see it. And some of you on the land see it as well. Even you, Ayana, beautiful flower, even you.

AYANNA

(She droops her head a little)

Yes. . .its true. I have seen negative things. I have heard negative things. Of good people disappearing. Scoundrels suddenly rich. Rogues who did not even give lip service to fighting the white man, now welathy & powerful. Crawled from under the woodwork to reap the profits of uhuru. A small group of exploiters . . . .I know. . .I didnot want to believe it. I thought that it was Black against white, and that when we'd thrown the white man out we would have progress and light and happiness. Real love.

MKAZI

You did not want to believe class struggle. Did someone tell you that we'd go back to our ancient ways now. Back to the village community. To African communalism. That all those who had english or french or portuguese names wd change them, and we'd take off our western clothes and we'd be back in ancient communal Africa.

AYANNA

I heard that. The master teacher, so called, when he spoke here, told us that.

MKAZI

Before he was exposed for tortuing women and rolling around his rooms naked and drugged and babbling that he was holy.

AYANNA

I heard that and didnt believe it. But it depressed me. They told us that Africa had no classes. That we were all black and black unity would change our lives.

MKAZI

We needed black unity, we still need it. But a unity around the things the majority of us need, not a unity defined and controlled by a minority! Ancient Egypt was a class society. By the 10th century there were class societies all over Africa. Who do you think sold our brothers and sisters into slavery in America, peasants like you and your family! NO! The minority of rulers big landowners!

AYANNA

How can you know these things and be a dockworker?

MKAZI

I committed myself to find out because I was a dockworker. I told you my father died and my mother gave me the gift of seeing. Not magic. She gave me a tool. A method of analysis. A way to look at things so that I understood them.

AYANNA

And now you see Ta zan beneath the black ministers words

MKAZI

And Tarzan's wife, Jane, in his brain.

(Stan & co come out of their apartment and prepare to enter the auto to take them to the speech.

Tarzan and Boy, as before, but with regal garb, over their regular boy and tarzan getups, capes, gold slippers, &c. are preparing to come out of their hotel also to participate in the speech.)

AYANNA

And you see all this. . . perhaps I have seen a great deal of it to. . . .

MKAZI

Yes.

AYANNA

And so now what? What do we do now, Mkazi, son of Africa?

MKAZI

What do you think we must do now, Ayanna, daughter of Africa?

AYANNA

(quietly, but with great feeling.)

Fight.

MKAZI

As you say!

(Now the lines of workers and peasants are cris crossing the stage again singing their last song about the speech day, and coming to the city. Mkazi and Ayanna walk with them arm in arm singing.

Lines pass off the stage, we still hear the singing. They then return a few at a time, like spectators coming to see an event. Soon the stage is crowded with the workers and the peasants. Some are singing. Some are laughing and joking. Some are drinking. Presently Stan & co arrive. Stan & Mary & Reggie & Mzigo appear. Polite applause. Then he begins speaking.)

STAN

Brothers and sisters. Today is a great day for Mzilikazi, and for Africa. The celebration of 10 years of Uhuru. A vote of confidence in the parliament for our Black government. Why is this such a great day? Because we have shown the world how we can move from colonialism to independence, and though we've had some rocky times, we have triumphed. We are moving now fullspeed on progress!

(At this word the workers and peasants throw up their hands and shout

W&P

PROGRESS!!!

STAN

Yes we are moving fullspeed toward Progress!

(The W&P's do the same thing, throwing arms up shouting "PROGRESS!!")

MKAZI

(loud)

Progress? It's been 10 years. Seems like we've gone backwards to me.

(K has placed himself where he can be seen and heard by the assembly, as if he was a competing speaker with Stan. Ayanna is standing by his side.)

STAN

(As if not hearing)

With the early days of our Black government we experienced some problems its true, but now we're ready at last to move. The Stoop Government will move Mzilikazi forward.

(His aides applaud, polite applause from crowd)

AIDES

Forward!

(Some of the workers and peasants also shout "Forward!")

MKAZI

Will unions be allowed in this forward motion, Minister Stoop? Will old Black women, the wives of our heroes, be arrested for organizing the workers

(K is shouting at the crowd with his questions, not at Stan. Reggie moves to Stan, whispering, Stan shrugs him off.)

STAN

Some of you are losing your patience its true, it has been a long struggl But the impatient never win. We will win with patience. We must have patienc with our selves. We had patience that's why we drove the white man out.

MKAZI

We drove the white man out when we lost our patience. Patience, as you preach it, is a drug!!

(Now, both Reggie and Mzigo, whisper irritatedly to Stan. He waves them off, and continues to speak, trying to remain oblivious to Mkazi.)

STAN

We stand on the threshhold of a great and glorious African future. We have had some problems in the 1st black regime but now we are ready to to forge ahead. We can make great economic strides!

MKAZI

You were with the 1st government. It is the same people! The only thing we get is promises. We're sick of promises?

STAN

Everything takes a little time. Every. . .thing.

(Stan is now getting a little more agitated, and his henchpeople are ready to jump. But he again restrains them.)

Even for me. I would like you all to understand the seriou work of government right away. The difficulties that we face. But how can you? You are not trained in government service.

MKAZI

We are not trained in anything because there are no schools. . .except for the rich.

(Now there is murmuring in the crowd, who before was standing quietly listening to the exchange. But now there is an audible rumbling.)

STAN

We must hold our own course, we cannot be upset by mischevous persons who do not want Black government to succeed. And believe me brothers and sister everyone who looks like a son of Africa is not that.

MKAZI

Thats the 1st correct thing you've said. And you brought a whole platfor full of such types to demonstrate your point!

(At this, there is laughter from some in the crowd. Some of the women begi to put their hands on their hips. And shake their heads.)

STAN

We must not be, no, we will not be, diverted from the course of progress for New Africa by irresponsible elements and unpatriotic riff raff. Not those of us who love Africa.

MKAZI

(At this Mkazi becomes deeply animated, he half turns toward Stan)

Irresponsible and unpatriotic. Hah. I am Mkazi, a son of Africa, and son of Mugo, the patriot killed by the white man. I am the son of Njeri, the union organizer who you had locked up. It is only because I am a patriot that I do speak. Irresponsible? What is more irresponsible that to tie up our country to imperialism!

(Now it becomes a debate, and the aides press Stan to let them swoop down on Mkazi, but stan's ego is assaulted and he means to get the best of the argument.)

STAN

Why do you speak in foreign tongues? Such words as imperialism are white man's ideology.

(He turns to audience)

We do not need anything from the white man. We have already rid ourselves of his presence, we do not need his philosophies.

(There are murmurs of agreement from the crowd.)

We are the sons and daughters of Africa. And we are going foreward on our own steam, with our own words, with our own ideologies. We do not need foreign things to guide us.

MKAZI

(Shouting at the crowd but aiming it at Stan.)

Well then get rid of your Mercedes! Prime Minister you bellow this shallow nationalism to cover the fact that you are the servant of Tarzan!

(A "wooooo" goes through the audience! Stan is stunned.)

MKAZI

Even this very moment Tarzan is on his way here. You told your master and his son, the boy who really runs the show now, you told them that we citizens of Mzilikazi have all been pacified. Tricked, duped, drugged, or with the bad ones, eliminated! You were going to show off your unconscious subjects to your two masters. They are on there way here this very minute!

STAN

(Looks panicked but tries to hide it because it is true.)

(Stage left, Tarzan and Boy have not left the lobby. They are watching the ceremony on television.)

TARZAN

What is happening? Why does colleague permit negative woogie to go on speaking?

BOY

I donno. I donno. He probably thinks he can outtrick anybody. Completely unscientific. At some pt, the only move is

(he smashes his fist into his hand)

wham!

TARZAN

(Smiling, touching him on the shoulder.)

Ahhh, that my Boy!

(At this pt, the chauffeur who is supposed to carry T & B to the ceremony enters. . .late.)

REGGIE

Uhhh, sirs, I'm very sorry, but the streets are very crowded. I'm very sorry your Lordships that I am late.

TARZAN

Woogie always late. Part of culture!

REGGIE

Sir?

BOY

Hahaha. . .its just a joke my brother, a joke!

REGGIE

Yes.

(Puzzled but smiling.)

Are you ready to go, your Lordships, sir?

BOY

I think

(to Tarzan)

we'd better delay a bit. In fact, pop, maybe we better wait in the room until the prime minister himself comes for us.

TARZAN

Boy right. Tell woo. . .

(to Boy)

he colleague too?. . .

(to driver)

Wait car.

(During T&B scene, Stan has been holding forth, more frantically. He has also whispered to one of his aides to go and stop Tarzan.)

STAN

I will let you all know this that I had invited Lord Tarzan and Sir Boy to our celbration of 10 years Uhuru, because I wanted them to see how we have successfully negotiated the rocky road from colonialism to independence.

(A low "wooo" from the audience.)

I wanted them to see us as we are, strong and united.

(A larger "woooo".)

And also

(he is reaching for a coolout.)

I wanted all of us, you and those of us in the government to see that once and for all we had grown sophisticated enough, and secure enough in our own independence, to welcome with outstretched arms European friends, as partners in progress, rather than master and slave!

(At this, a heavier "wooo" and broken grumbles escape the workers and peasants. Some of the women are agitating in the crowd, shaking their fingers at the stage.)

MKAZI

(Seeing the peoples' support, he begins to laugh.)

Partners in progress? What abominable rot! One partner with huge industries, modern cities and completely electrified countryside, and the other partner with a per capita income of $65. a year!, and a starving population! What a partnership!

(He turns to the audience)

Prime Minister Stoop would make us Tarzan's gunbeare once again. Ungawa! Ungawa! Black People. Tarzan is on his way.

(At this the crowd starts whooping and howling. The police spread out aroun them in readiness. Reggie and Mzigo demand from Stan the arrest of Mkazi. But Stan still resists hoping to break Mkazi with the brilliance of his invective.)

STAN

Rabblerousing cannot stop the march of African Collective Progress. The peoples' government will triumph over riff raff and paid agitators.

MKAZI

It can never be a peoples' government until the land and the factories and the wealth are controlled by the people. Until all of the wealth is controlled by the workers and the peasants. And as for paid agitators. Yes, I

am a paid agitator. My agitation has been paid for by the blood of African people, including my father and mother.

(Now the women led by Ayanna, begin a chant. It is a combination of the keening ululation, and "The Workers and Peasants Must Control The Wealth, The Workers and Peasants Must Control The Wealth, The Workers and Peasants Must Control The Wealth".

Stan has enough. He signals his aides who signal the police and they move to sieze Mkazi.

MKAZI

See how Tarzan's gunbearer acts exactly like Tarzan himself!

(The workers and peasants resist the arrest of Mkazi, and a struggle breaks out between the police and the peasants and workers. Stan and his aides bea a hasty retreat. Mkazi grabs hold of Stan and obstructs his retreat. The aides and police jump on him.)

MKAZI

Why are you leaving gunbearer, Stan Stoop, are you going to report to you master, Tarzan, of your mission's failure?!

(The melee continues)

(At the hotel, Tarzan and Boy watch on television.)

TARZAN

Colleague in deep trouble, Boy. Plan seem good, but colleague blow it!

BOY

Plan is excellent. We've got functioning operatives all over Africa. Stan is just not ready. Too emotional. He shd not have tried to debate wit that communist!

TARZAN

Now Boy talking.

BOY

But I never said that all of the old ways were obsolete. Just the idea of white faces walking around giving orders, and black and whitebathrooms and whatnot! But you always have to maintain the rule of law, ultimately with the stick. And everyday Black bureaucratic government, and the illusion of progress, is the carrot, that is, trick!

(Now there is a knock at the door. The chauffeur comes in.)

REGGIE

Your Lordships, central security has advised that we proceed immediately to the airport and leave Mkilikazi, there is unrest at the celebration.

BOY

Yes, I'd agree. Pop, are you ready?

TARZAN

Tarzan always ready.

(They are getting ready to go. But now there are shouts and the rumble and uproar of the outraged people dexcending on the hotel.)

REGGIE

We have no time to lose.

(As they go to the door, they find their way blocked by thousands of people chanting. "Death To Tarzan! Death To Tarzan! Death To Tarzan! Ice Boy Too!"

REGGIE

We're trapped your Lordships, trapped!

(As crowd surges closer, the chauffeur turns as if he too is assailing T& B)

Honky Bastards!! Death To Tarzan! Ice Boy Too!

BOY

Pop, we'd better fall back into the hotel, and hope the security gets here to deal with it.

(People continue to chant and press closer and closer!

TARZAN

(Now Tarzan turns into the Tarzan of old. He throws off his robes and sandals, rips his knife out of the holster, and gives forth his old traditi Tarzan yell. As he does this there is a distinct light change, & mist seem to issue from the floor. It is as if we have suddenly been transported the back to the jungle.)

TARZAN

Ahhhhhhhhhh — ahuahuahuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

(He gives it in one direction, shouting through his cupped hands. Then he gives it in another direction. We hear the rumbling and snort and bellow of hundreds of elephan pounding towards us. Tarzan is calling the elephants, and all the animals of the forest as he has done hundreds of times in the past.)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhahuauauauauauauaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaooooaaaaaaa!

(Suddenly on a screen we see a scene from an old Tarzan movie, and hundreds of elephants rumble snorting out of the jungle, ready to do Tarzans bidding. The natives back up, and begin to run screaming. Crying in terror.)

Now, Tarzan make war!

(He begins to talk to the elephants)

Ungawa, Ungawa, seedeelya doo, oooya coo. Bee dooo dooo, rebop. Oooobapad dow a cookamopo a coolya doopei dooo. Eeeya eeeya. Now Tarzan Make War. Come Boy!

(Turns to Boy)

We ready!

BOY

(Boy stands looking strangely at Tarzan, he goes over to him, at first strangely muted, and oddly sympathetic. Then he changes abruptly, joining in the spirit of the old man's activity)

Yes, Tarzan! Boy Ready. We make wa

(Now we see, they are both in a hospital ward of a jail. As lights come up brighter we see a few African guards on the outside of the ward. They are playing a sanza, accompnaying each other in a uhuru dance. While outside we see crowds of Blacks walking down the street, dancing down the street, singing down the street, They are singing an African freedom song, "Uhuru Uhuru Uhuru Uhuru Uhuru. The wealth must belong to the workers and peasants!" Mkazi and Ayanna are among them.

Next to Tarzan in another ward, we see Stan and his aides. They are screami screaming, in fear at Tarzan's "elephants". They are rushing back and forth in their hospital ward, crying "Watch out for the elephants! Watch out for the elephants! Watch out for the elephants!" From time to time, the guards notice this behavior from the inmates and shake their heads with knowing smiles. The lights go full up on all parts of this scene, and then fade quickly,)

Black!